

Appearances Can Be Deceiving

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Summary: Sirius pays a visit to a saloon and has a run in with a few Death Eaters.

Appearances Can Be Deceiving

****A/N:****

****Written for the Flying OWL over on Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry (Challenges & Assignments) ****

****Task: **Write a story in the Western genre using the provided set of prompts**

****1000 Word Challenge: **Horse**

****Word Count: **2400**

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><p>Appearances Can Be Deceiving

Sirius rode his trusty steed hard and fast through the dusty terrain of the vast desert. The sweltering sun blazed down on him and a few beads of sweat slid down the side of his face. He reached into his pocket for his flask of Adam's Ale and took a long deep drink from it moistening his dry mouth.

As he rode down the gently sloping hill into town, Sirius spied a saloon. It looked warm and inviting, and after a long hard day of riding across the flats he felt the least he deserved was a stop to have a well deserved drink before carrying on with his journey.

He nudged the side of his horse and pulled on the reigns, egging her to go in the direction of the watering hole.

As the saloon drew closer into view, Sirius took note of a few men

outside smoking a brain tablet. Their attention swiftly turned to him and they eyed him with suspicion as he dismounted his horse and led her to the stable nearby.

Sirius tipped his hat in their direction and muttered a quiet, "Howdy," as he passed by them on his way into the ale house.

The wizard took in his surroundings as he made his way towards the bar. The heel of his shoes clacked loudly on the wooden panels of the floor as he tried to avoid drawing too much attention to himself.

In the shadows Sirius noticed a middle aged man blacksmithing and an alluring woman resting against the bar giving the prospective customer her best come hither look.

To his right there were several men engaged in what appeared to be a high stakes game of poker. One of the burly men stood up in outrage and tipped the table over in frustration and pinned one of the meeker looking men up against the wall by the scruff of his neck.

"You lousy, rotten cheating scoundrel," he grunted before spitting in his face.

Sirius fought the small smile that threatened to creep onto his face at the sight as he propped himself up against the bar.

"A glass of your finest whiskey kind sir," Sirius requested, reaching into his pocket and pulling out a handful of muggle coins and throwing them onto the bar. "Keep the change."

As he waited for the man to return with his drink, Sirius' eyes scanned the room, coming to rest on a beautiful blonde with the most angelic laugh he had ever heard. Sirius was certain that she had not been there when he arrived since she was easily the most noticeable thing about the place. She was surrounded by a harem of men all vying for her attention and Sirius longed to join them and be the one to make her laugh. She was the picture of innocence and Sirius longed to corrupt her.

His focus was broken by the return of the bartender as he slammed the glass of golden onto the bar in front of Sirius. The bartender cast a glance over in the direction Sirius had been staring in seconds before and then back to Sirius.

"That girl over there gave the Sherriff the brush off a few weeks back when he proposed," he informed Sirius, cocking his head in the direction of the buxom blonde who had captured his attention moments earlier. "Needless to say he didn't take the rejection very well. You want to stay away from that vixen if you want to avoid a beating."

"Gotcha," Sirius answered, reluctantly removing his eyes from the captivating blonde. The last thing he needed was to draw attention to himself whilst he was passing through town and alert the Death Eaters to his whereabouts.

The wizard drummed his hands against the bar as he sipped from his glass. Every so often his eyes flitted towards the entrance to the saloon, almost as though he was expecting someone who knew him to come bursting through them at any moment.

Sirius continued to converse with the bartender, and the more the wizard drank the more his uneasy feeling dissipated and he began to relax and enjoy the atmosphere of the saloon.

Just as he was about to order his fifth whiskey, there was a loud bang as the doors to the establishment were kicked open. Sirius' head whipped around and there blocking the entrance were three men that he knew to be Death Eaters.

He instinctively lowered his head and tucked up the collar of his jacket. The last thing he wanted was to be recognised by the three Death Eater's whilst he was in town. He instantly regretted spending as much time in the saloon as he had. He knew that if was to be recognised by them that he would have unwittingly placed so many innocent muggles in danger.

There was a banging on the wall and the entire establishment fell silent. There was a faint sound of rustling paper that followed, and Sirius chanced a glance behind him.

One of the Death Eaters was holding a cream sheet of parchment with his face plastered all over it.

"Has anyone seen this man?" another of the Death Eater's said in a loud and clear voice. "He is a dangerous criminal who has committed many heinous acts. I will spare you the gory details since there are women in your company. If you have any information that leads to the capture of him, I urge you to come forward, and you will be greatly rewarded."

"He's over there," grunted a man who Sirius recognised as the one who had earlier pinned someone to the wall. "Now where's my reward?"

The man slid back his stool and walked carefully towards the three Death Eater's, coming to a standstill in front of the blonde one.

Sirius watched on as the blonde man looked him up and down with a cold and icy stare before casting the body binding curse on him.

He stepped over the rigid body and stomped towards Sirius and placed a hand on his shoulder.

"You," he sneered looking Sirius up and down. "Are coming with me."

Sirius flickered his eyes towards the man's hand that was gripping his shirt and then back to his face.

"I don't think so," he answered as he balled his hand into a fist and punched him.

The blonde man went flying backwards a couple of feet and slumped to the ground. The other two Death Eater's drew their wands out and held them up and they went to check on their fallen comrade.

Once they were sure that he was uninjured and had aided him back to his feet the three Death Eater's began to move closer to Sirius.

"Gentlemen," the bartender stuttered as they closed in on Sirius, who was fingering his wand in his pocket. "I don't want no trouble in my joint so -"

The bartender's sentence was cut off by a curse being fired in his direction, smashing all the bottles that lined the wall behind him as he ducked out of the way.

Another curse went flying towards Sirius' who ducked at the last moment before firing one of his own back at the trio of men.

Tables turned onto their sides as the people in the saloon attempted to hide and stay safe whilst maintaining a ringside view of the action that was unfolding in the establishment.

They watched on in awe as curses upon curses went flying in every direction, completely and utterly destroying the saloon. They were far too fascinated and engrossed in the action to question the fact that magic was being used.

Sirius maintained his focus as he dueled with the three Death Eaters, fully aware that once he had defeated them he would have to cast a lot of oblivation charms.

The blonde woman he had been admiring earlier crawled along the floor towards the entrance to the saloon; her movements did not go unnoticed by the men.

A sneer appeared on the face of the one Sirius knew to be Yaxley and he turned his wand to point it at her. She let out the most painful and heartbreaking cry as she began to thrash around on the ground.

Anger filled Sirius' body. His eyes narrowed at Yaxley and his grip tightened on his wand.

How dare he torture an innocent, beautiful muggle who posed him no threat at all? It was the height of cowardice; a trait that he found to be completely undesirable and repellent.

"Stupefy," Sirius yelled twice in quick succession, stunning his other two opponents before he leapt to the defence of the blonde.

He fired a knockback jinx at Yaxley, breaking his concentration and flung himself in front of the blonde, firing several more curses at the aforementioned man eventually succeeding in knocking him unconscious.

"You saved my life," the woman breathed, crawling towards Sirius slowly. "I am eternally grateful."

"Not a problem Ma'am, all in a day's work," Sirius smiled in a flirtatious manner, tucking a lock of hair behind the blonde's ear.

The wizard's lips descended on the woman's as he gave into his carnal desires. As their lips touched, Sirius felt a blunt object hit him over the head, and like his three opponents he lost consciousness.

* * *

><p>Sirius awoke feeling groggy; his head was throbbing as he tried to recall what had happened to him.<p>

He remembered a saloon, a duel, a pretty blonde, and a blow to the head. He hoped that no harm had come to her after he had unwillingly left with whoever had captured him.

"I thought Severus said that he would be difficult to capture," a gruff voice said. "And yet here the great Sirius Black lies, completely defenceless and at our mercy."

"Yes well Snape always did overestimate his own abilities," another male voice answered. "Black and his friends always got the better of him back in school. It was quite amusing to watch at times."

Sirius smirked as he thought of all the times he and James had tortured Snape, as something landed on the hay next to his head, followed by the sound of two sets of feet moving away from him.

Once he was sure that the owners of the two voices had left, Sirius half opened his eyes as he took in his new surroundings.

There wasn't much to the place where he was being held; hay surrounded him on all fronts and from the smell of the place at some time in the not so distant past it had housed pigs. The entrance to what Sirius could only describe as a makeshift jail cell was a huge metal gate, and just beyond it the wizard could make out the figure of a person moving closer.

"Awake I see," whispered a vaguely familiar female voice. "And not a moment too soon."

Sirius slowly rose to his feet, careful not to lose his balance, and closed the distance between himself and the gate. As he drew closer and closer the face of the blonde from the saloon became clearer to him, and his jaw dropped.

"You," he hissed with wide eyes. "Why?"

As the words left his lips, the blonde's features began to change. The contours of her face became harsher and more battle worn. Her hair darkened from a strawberry blonde to jet black. She shot up in height and her curves began to fill out, until finally she had regained her true form.

The wizard nearly fell over in shock as he came face to face with his cousin; and then suddenly a horrible truth dawned on him "€" he had kissed his deranged and unstable cousin, Bellatrix Lestrange.

"You always were guilty of being unable to resist rescuing a damsel in distress," she cackled as she leant forward and stared at Sirius with mocking eyes. "And now here you are, imprisoned. Oh the things I could do to you."

"Enough taunting Bella," drawled a brunette that Sirius now recognised to be Rowle. "Yaxley wants to see the prisoner."

Sirius watched on as his cousin gave her fellow Death Eater her

trademark sneer before sweeping from the room.

"Hands where I can see them Black," Rowle growled at him as he unlocked the cell door. "Any funny business and I will not hesitate to curse you."

The wizard mockingly held his hands up in the air and allowed Rowle to grasp him firmly by the scruff of his neck and escort him from his cell.

He kept his eyes lowered as he considered the options open to him.

He could attack his captor and hope to rest his want away from him in the blink of an eye, but Sirius had no idea how many others were in the building.

Or he could allow himself to be taken to Yaxley and endure the unimaginable torture that he surely had planned for him in order to gain knowledge of the Order's plans.

Neither of those two options available to him appealed to Sirius.

He raised his eyes from the ground as they passed by the table that sat mere feet from the cell he had just occupied, and there lying carelessly within view and easily accessible was his wand.

Amateurs, he thought to himself as he balled his hand into a fist and thrust it quick and fast behind him before diving for his wand.

Rowle stood up and dusted himself off and lunged towards Sirius. Wordlessly and quickly the wizard waved his wand and sent the winded Death Eater flying into the cell

"Accio key," Sirius cried, summoning the large brass key to his former jail from Rowle, and locking him in there.

Footsteps sounded in the hallway and knowing that it would only be a matter of time before they reached him Sirius focused his mind.

Destination!

Determination!

Deliberation!

"Avada Kedavra," a voice yelled as Sirius spun on the spot and disappeared.

Sirius leant against the wall and let out a heavy sigh. He was well aware of how much of a near miss that was, if he had attempted to disappear a split second later, he would be lying in a heap on the floor.

As the wizard pushed himself off the wall and meandered down the street a small smile crept onto his face as he thought about his next big adventure.

****A/N:****

****Let me know your thoughts in a review****

****All feedback is appreciated****

****xoxo****

End
file.